Note To Reader

Active Listening Summary for Ang Likabutan

Preparing to Engage with a Comprehensive Mythic Scripture

This summary is designed to orient you before you read Ang Likabutan, helping you absorb its layers of cosmic storytelling and moral exploration. It paraphrases the major themes, key figures, and the overall structure so that you'll have a grounding context. As you read, keep in mind that Ang Likabutan often presents its ideas through imaginative myths, interwoven tales, and morally charged legends.

1. Overview and Tone
• Scope: Ang Likabutan is divided into two main scriptures--The Anito (with four separate books) and The Maykapal (called the Book of The Secret). Together, these form a grand tapestry explaining the universe's origins, the gods' (Diwa) roles, and humanity's spiritual and moral journey.
• Literary Style: The text often uses story-within-a-story techniques (similar to 1001 Nights). Expect flashbacks, nested tales, and side characters who suddenly reveal deeper legends.
• Theme of Infinite Cycles: Many passages mention durations "exceeding creation by infinite degrees," reflecting a cyclical view of time, life, and the universe.

2. Key Mythic Elements
1. Bathala: The supreme, formless creator who smiles existence into being. Recognize Bathala as the ultimate source behind all cosmic events, but often working through intermediaries.
2. Night and Day Diwa:
• Tala (stars, night) and Hanan (morning, day) initiate time's flow. Their union births Sidapa, who introduces the concept of duration and death.
3. Sky, Sun, and Moon:
• Kaptan (sky) conceives Mayari (moon) and Apolaki (sun). This triad gives rise to further deities who shape natural forces, from the seas to volcanoes.
4. Lakapati (Mother of Man): The deity responsible for humanity's emergence (Malaki and Maganda) from bamboo, guided by Bathala's command.
5. Monsters and Spirits:
• Aswang, Manananggal, Wak Wak, Siyokoy appear as corrupted forms of once-human or animal souls, introduced to illustrate moral lessons about greed, violence, and spiritual neglect.

3. Major Narrative Threads
1. Creation Stories: How the gods bring forth mountains, seas, volcanoes, and living creatures. These stories include playful rivalries and passionate interactions among Diwa, presenting nature's processes (eruptions, storms) as living dramas.
2. Human Lineages and Kingdoms:
• Tales of Datu and Rajah, describing how humans move from a carefree paradise to structured societies.
• Hereditary lines include heroes like Kiyapo and Sidapa Ipalaki, each with moral or spiritual significance.
3. Heroic Quests:
• Stories such as Kiyapo fighting the Manananggal, the quest for the Ibong Adarna, and the extended genealogies of kings that trace moral and spiritual lessons.

4. Key Characters to Note

1. Bakunawa: Once a Diwata who becomes a serpentine sea goddess, often misunderstood as an aswang-like monster in external folklore but presented here as a central figure who protects, intervenes in storms, and nurtures heroes.
2. Sidapa: Guardian of death and time. Deeply intertwined with cosmic secrets, Sidapa sometimes appears to mortals in forms that test or teach them about destiny.
3. Bulan: The moon-child, embodying both illusion and beauty. He sets out on a quest to uncover cosmic truths, spending eons in meditation. Often associated with heartbreak, transformation, and reflective wisdom.
4. Tigmamanukan: A divine bird created by Bulan to hold or deliver fragments of Bathala's secrets--symbolic of revelation and prophecy.

5. Primary Themes and Lessons
1. Moral Accountability: Ang Likabutan repeatedly teaches that choices--whether eating certain animals or harming others--produce spiritual repercussions (e.g., becoming aswang).
2. Rebirth and Soul Migration: Humans may reappear as animals or different spirits, emphasizing that life's essence is continuous and shaped by virtue or vice.
3. Balance of Opposites: Light/dark, day/night, creation/destruction--opposing forces exist to maintain universal harmony. Conflict arises when one side overpowers or forgets the other.
4. Seeking Truth Among Lies: The Maykapal highlights partial truths and illusions, urging discernment. Knowledge is often hidden or encrypted within cosmic riddles or symbolic acts.
5. Compassion and Sacrifice: Stories of cosmic beings--such as Bakunawa's heartbreak, Sidapa Ipalaki's self-sacrifice--demonstrate that compassion sometimes requires profound personal cost, shaping cosmic order.

6. Reading Strategies
1. Embrace the Epic Scale: The text's references to infinite time and far-reaching genealogies can feel overwhelming. Treat each story as a vital part of the bigger tapestry.
2. Track Deities' Roles: Keep a short list or mental note of who's who among the Diwa. Many are interrelated, and their domains can overlap.
3. Note Symbolic Motifs: Watch for recurring imagery--volcanoes, bamboo, swords, pearls, eclipses--to see how each symbol evolves.
4. Reflect on Morals: Each embedded legend often ends with a moral or philosophical insight. Pause to consider how it ties back to the text's cosmic worldview.
5. Allow for Syncretic References: You'll see references to Buddha, Prophet Salam, and other outside influences. The text merges local spiritual beliefs with broader or foreign elements, highlighting unity rather than contradiction.

7. Emotional/Reflective Approach
• Prepare for Shifts: The tone can swing from serene creation scenes to horrifying battles with aswang. Be ready for both wonder and darkness.
• Identify with Heroes: Figures like Kiyapo often face moral dilemmas familiar to all humans--doubt, temptation, loyalty. Engaging with their journeys can enrich your personal reflection.
• Appreciate the Poetic Layer: Many passages use repetitive phrases like "by infinite degrees" to evoke a sense of vastness and timelessness. Let these rhythms immerse you in the text's mythic atmosphere.

8. In Closing

Approach Ang Likabutan as both mythic narrative and spiritual reflection. Expect stories that explain the cosmos and humanity's place in it--often through dramatic interactions between mortals and gods. The writing's dreamlike quality, combined with moral seriousness, offers a unique window into a cosmology where every being is connected, from the smallest creature to the loftiest Diwata.

This summary should help orient your reading so you can appreciate each unfolding story, each heroic or tragic moment, and the overarching message: creation is alive with divine presence, and how we choose to live within that cosmic tapestry has deep, lasting consequences.

The Anito

Book of The Anito.

That Before Creation

On the Origin of All Things

Before time there was no beginning so there was nothing.

So the nothing existed for time exceeding existence by infinite degrees.

So found the nothing upon something.

From the nothing something emerged forth.

The something took the Form of Bathala and He smiled.

On The Origin of Time

From Bathala emerged His others, Sons and Daughters of His being, from the names of which are:

Tala who became His flow and thus the night and stars.
Hanan who became His action and thus the morning and day.

The Diwa

So the two Diwa existed within Bathala's creation.

Said Bathala and thus sent forth Speech between night and day,

Now I Will Watch.

So the day and the night chased each other in cycles that exceeded the length of the existence of creation in infinite degrees.

So in Their union they begat Sidapa, and things began to have duration.

In Sidapa the nothing began to take form as shadow and light from the cycle of night and day.

So from Sidapa sprang forth Asuang and Lisuga to carry the darkness and light across creation.

So in Their travels They begat Daga to contain their distance.

So was the world created.

Daga began to crack as He spread out thusly and so broke into pieces, and then those pieces ran amongst eachother and became Dumakulem or that is to say the mountains.

So Dumakulem felt a great heat within Him.

Said Dumakulem,

What is this feeling within me?

So then feeling came to be, and out of Dumakulem's head burst forth Lalahon or that is to say the molten ground.

So Lalahon was of ever consuming heat, and Dumakulem desired Her back to Him.

Said Lalahon,

Certainly not for I desire to spread far along Daga and find My bounty.

So Dumakulem cried and Tubig or water thus came to be.

So the water spread along after Lalahon, surrounded Her on all sides, and became the sea.

So Lalahon found Her heat confined and hardened, becoming dry land.

So She found Herself again within Dumakulem. Yet She could not confine Herself and repeatedly burst forth, each time returning to the sea and hardening. Each time returning to Him.

So this is why volcanoes erupt.

So the water of the sea began to flow upward, submerging everything and filling creation for a time exceeding the length of creation by infinite degrees.

So the water began to fall, meeting itself back in the middle again and from that now empty space came forth Kaptan or the sky.

Kaptan was lonely and desired company and so created containers for light and dark.

So were Mayari and Apolaki or that is to say the moon and sun.

So the three Diwa knew eachother and were merry for a period exceeding the time of creation by infinite degrees.

From Mayari and Kaptan came forth Bulan or the face of the moon.

From Kaptan and Apolaki came forth Gugurang or the heat of the sun and fire.

From Apolaki and Mayari came forth Likabutan or the Queen of the world.

So Likabutan being infused with the Sky, the Moon and Sun, brought forth all living things.

So Mayari sought to protect what Likabutan had created and became Haliya or the protector.

So Likabutan and Apolaki knew each other and from Them came forth the other dewa.

Magwayen to sail the living things towards Sidapa,
Hangin to be the wind in the sails.

In the rhythm of this thing became Idianale or Duty.

Rain

So at one time Dumakulem was crying in longing for Lalahon, and so the water touch Hangin.

From this sprang forth Tabu or the Rain.

So Tabu was fond of Dumakulem, and so lay upon His chest, and Dumakulem knew Her.

From this union emerged Lakapati, who is the plants, and Mother of man.

Lakapati spread Herself in the wake of Lalahon, lying on Her back in the black ash.

So Lakapati created the Member and the Womb, and placed them between Her legs, sticking one within the other.

So Lakapati cried out in delight and created pleasure.

So Lakapati issued forth Her seed across the land and mountain sides, which grew and from which comes Fruit.

So this was for a time exceeding creation by infinite degrees.

The Creation of Man

Out of the plants Lakapati brought forth animals, yet each time was dissatisfied with Her creation, so released it upon the land.

Some into the sea and became fish.

So it came to be that Lakapati gave up on creating animals, for they were all of simple mind.

Lay down Lakapati under bamboo.

Then Apolaki lay with Her and so came the seasons.

Yet before Lakapati could awake,

Spoke Apolaki,
For what dwells within Me too dwells within You.

So Apolaki became Bathala, radiant and without form or definition, and lay with Lakapati again.

So this time Lakapati awoke and thus was created ecstasy.

Said Bathala,
Split The Bamboo For Thus I Command

So carrying Bathala in Her womb Lakapati turned to the bamboo.

Thus from Her womb Bathala split the bamboo forth down the middle.

From the center emerged Malaki and Maganda, the first of Man and Woman.

So Bathala smiled.

The Birth of War

The Origin of Anito

So in seeing man, Sidapa became fixated upon them and became Death.

So it came to be that living things could cease to be.

So Lakapati wove a bridge of Her hair into death and so helped man return to living.

Yet upon this Her superior Sidapa was enraged, for She had defied His claim.

So Lakapati created Compromise, and allowed Sidapa to keep the form of man but not the essence Bathala had put forth into them through Her.

So in honoring Sidapa Hiya was created.

So from the essence Lakapati began Her task of continually creating forms of rice and water for the souls to inhabit.

Yet upon each vessel the soul split many times, some parts of it sitting in the air, and yet more of it going to inhabit all living things.

So from this came forth the Anito.

Lakapati grew tired of creating forms and so created within each form a womb or member, so that they might create of themselves.

Origin of Aswang

So mankind did grow in number.

Some settled upon the banks of rivers and others yet within the mountains.

So did mankind begin to create conflict.

Some souls began to forget their previous lives and focus on the pleasures of the world, becoming blind upon birth.

Some yet of those souls began to covet and desire, and so created attachment.

So it came to be that attachment changed the souls into a substance which could not inhabit the forms of man.

Thus they became aswang, spirits who dwell in sin and greed.

Origin of Killing

When man had begun to spread across the land the second and third time, they began to grow lazy.

Some becoming uninterested in harvesting fruit.

For across the land there roamed many animals, and so these lazy people began to eat the animals.

From the eaten animals souls came forth the Wak Wak and the Siyokoy.

So aswang petitioned the weak minded of man saying that man was much preferable to animal in taste.

So man killed man and ate him, and thus the Manananggal came forth.

Killing Becomes War

Having just seen, Haliya sent forth the sword to protect one's self.

So man began to mistrust man.

So man began to create castles and fortresses against eachother, and began to hate for the other what was wanted by themselves.

So mankind began to war.

The Stories of Man and Dewata

Bakunawa the Serpent

Long ago, before the moon began to appear and disappear by each night, it held its bright light in the sky,
and the tides were always steady.

In the heavens above Pinatubo the Diwata would gather.

Family but not peaceful rather,
Fighting and warring with each other always.

All beneath the watchful eye of Their father Bathala.

So it was that a diwata whose name has since been forgotten, loved Bulan.
Bulan whose face was without hair, whose skin was like the milk of the karabao.

This diwata yearned for Bulan, though She never spoke of it.

She was mighty, large in stature and clothed only in kalachuchi flowers, that circled Her arms and legs,
adorned in a crown of coral with golden necklaces that spilled down Her neck onto Her chest.

She did not believe one so beautiful and delicate as Bulan should fancy Her.

Yet Bulan noticed Her.

So They began to mingle and know one another.

So invoked the jealousy of Mayari Haliya, Queen of the Moon and of Swords.

For Mayari loved all that which was beautiful including Bulan, and could not stand for this low rank
diwata to have Him.

So She created Paiburong, to enact His magic on the diwata, changing Her into a fearsome beast.

Then the Two cast Her off from Pinatubo, into the waters.

So then Mayari petitioned Bulan for His hand but He spurned Her, for He desired only the diwata that had
been cast out.

So thus angered was Mayari, so She locked Him away behind the moon.

So swim the diwata now serpentine beneath the deep, unable to even weep. In Her heart aching became
pain and then anger.

So Bakunawa became Her.

Looking up at the moon, to see where Her beloved was hidden, Bakunawa rose forth from the sea.

Queen of crocodiles and sharks opened Her massive jaw, swallowing the moon. In Her belly the moon
glow not white but red.

So the Diwata were in uproar, for the waves of Her ascent began to crash upon the shore, and with no
moon to halt them the waves continued.

So sent forth Apolaki, with His quiver of sunbeams, to slay Bakunawa.

Yet as the arrow lay a finger length from Bakunawa's heart,

Bathala Spoke,

For I Have Seen That Which Has Been Done Oh My Children, So Harm Her Not.

From So Forth, Bakunawa Will Rule The Deep, And The Moon Will Spin Round Night By Night So The
Lovers May See One Another,

This I Have Said.

So Apolaki stopped His sunbeam dead, and Bakunawa spat out the moon.

So each night buwan slowly turns, so Bakunawa may see Bulan, and that is why the moon darkens and
the waves churn.

So Bathala smiled upon all.

The Birth of Kiyapo

Once on the banks of the Maynila was born a young man.

His eyes were bright green so he was named Kiyapo.

He was stronger than a karabao, faster than the eagle.

His hair was dark like obsidian stone.

So Kiyapo became the warrior of his people.

Meeting Bakunawa

So it came to be one night that Kiyapo dwelt along the beach eating fish and mango.

Upon which he swallowed a bone of the fish and began to choke.

So it came to be that an old woman came along, touching him on his throat and from which point the bone ceased to be.

So Kiyapo blessed the breech-born woman and asked her how he may honor her help.

So the old woman asked a difficult task. For at the bottom of the bay there were those creatures in shells who create pearls.

In the deepest part a kind creating a gold pearl.

So Kiyapo dove into the sea, seeking to honor the woman.

Down into the depths he dove deeper and yet deeper, until light could not be found.

Yet he looked with eyes that saw beyond his eyes, and found the pearls.

So it happened that these pearls were coveted by Aswang, and so they attacked Kiyapo.

So Kiyapo shed his clothing and sword, grasping the oyster in his mouth he swam like an eel to the shore.

Upon the shore he surrendered the oyster to the old woman, and she cracked it revealing a lustrous pearl of gold.

Whereupon the old woman transformed into a beautiful and terrifying being.

She had black skin, and golden serpents adorned Her skin, Her hair was blue like the sea, and Her only clothing Kalachuchi flowers.

Said Bakunawa,

You have honoured me well young warrior, so lay with me now.

So Kiyapo lay with Bakunawa, spilling his seed forth.

From the womb of Bakunawa the seed spilled back unto the sand, transforming into a Kampilan sword of dark lustrous color, upon its hilt a naga.

Said Bakunawa,

Take this kampilan, for it is the only protection against aswang. I have come to answer the prayers of the people in this country, and you My chanpion will slay the manananggal.

The Manananggal

So Kiyapo travelled across the country, slaying all manner of aswang and gaining favor.

So terrorised the manananggal, yet each time Kiyapo late to find it.

Each time a man being eaten, or a pregnant woman made to become barren and issue forth blood.

So Kiyapo came upon a village within the hot springs.

Having walked long, he rested into a spring and kept his kampilan nearby.

So emerged from the steam a beautiful woman with a painted face, and no interest.

She shed her clothing before Kiyapo, getting in the spring with him and straddling him thus.

Kiyapo was intoxicated by her though he had no compassion for her.

She began to put his member upon her womb, and it burned hot.

Kiyapo began to resist, and the woman became her true self.

Wings like a bat did sprout out of her back, ripping apart flesh with sickening gore.

Yet there was more. Her bottom half melted away, her entrails hanging out.

Her form once beautiful became ghastly, out of her painted face a tongue like a mosquito did come out.

So Kiyapo slashed his kampilan at the Manananggal, cutting off her hand.

The beast shrieked and flew away, leaving him in peace.

The Wise Woman

So Kiyapo found a babaylan to confer with.

The babaylan asked the anito to find the answer so they returned to her.

Thus the babaylan burned some rooster bones and crushed them into dust.

Said the babaylan,
Upon the stump of the manananggal sprinkle this you must. For the beast leaves behind her legs at night and if you find it you may slay her, if she cannot rejoin her legs at dawn she will burn up not a moment later.

The Duelling Dewa

Kiyapo thus went searching, and came upon a massive garden.

In the center of the garden two Dewa battled thus,

For Lakapati had become Ikapati to battle Anagolay, seeking to lay with Her.

Anagolay, ready to do battle had responded to His call.

So Ikapati clash against Anagolay, sending waves across the garden.

So Kiyapo dropped his kampilan into a ditch and began sobbing.

So paused Anagolay, turning to retrieve the kampilan for him, but thus allowed Ikapati to strike Her, thus losing to Him.

Said Ikapati,
You have assisted Me oh islander, so what do you wish in reward?

Said Kiyapo,
I seek only to know where the manananggal has gone and how to get there before she goes.

So Ikapati gave Kiyapo a ring with which he could appear one place and disappear to another before the water drops from the leaf to the floor.

So Kiyapo went on and that is how Anagolay became the diwata of lost things.

The Slaying of The Manananggal

So Kiyapo used the ring to journey south, to a land where all were adorned in gold. They played upon the kettle drum, the flute, and the one string lute.

Upon seeing Kiyapo they mistook him for a Diwata, the datu offering him his finest clothes and servants both men and women.

Kiyapo graciously declined however.

Said Kiyapo,

You may thank me after I slay the beast.

So he searched the towns and found her, the beautiful painted woman now missing a hand, and made chase of her sword in hand.

She transformed to fly away, fearing the break of day, so Kiyapo put on his ring, and was transported through the thing.

Upon the legs of the beast he spread the bone ash, coating it well.

So upon came manananggal to rejoin her lower half but it would not stick to her.

So now the sun came up and she burned screaming until dead.

Then Kiyapo cut off her head.

Kiyapo then gained riches, wives, and doninion.

Yet the head he gave back to Bakunawa.

Upon the time of dying Kiyapo perished not, but found his soul to be Mayari and thus She shed Her debt to Bakunawa.

Ibong Adarna

Many years later in the homeland of Kiyapo a kingdom came to be.

In that kingdom a mighty king, with three sons to wait at his side.

His two eldest, though cunning and brave, were without heart and acted without thought.

His youngest a kind son, who spent time tending to the cattle, no vices in life nor sin in his mind could one find him.

Yet one day the king grew ill, in his heart a sudden chill and he grew quiet.

Left in his bed with
high fever he could not speak, for he had grown weak.

Thus the babaylan, the albularyo, the many datu, were brought forth.
None had an idea of what may heal him.

So walked the youngest prince, along the road from tending the cattle, coming upon a dirtied old man curled about.

Earlier this man, in the heat had cried, to the two elder princes for water and they succoured him not, instead they had spat on him and thrown at him rocks.
Yet the younger prince offered the man water from his gourd, and the old man sprung to life,
Young Prince, I would like to offer you a wife.

The young prince was not elated, in his gaze a sorrow and his countenance deflated.

Oh elder, if it would please you to accept my gracious refusal. For my father is ill, and my mind cannot take any other concern.

The old man’s eyes sparkled and he said,
Is a small thing my dear prince, you only need have asked.

The prince grew wary,
How is it that you have ready a cause which has long had my kingdom standing steady?

The old man then informed the prince of the answer to the kingdom's woes.
Ibong Adarna.

For not until he hears the song of the Adarna bird will he awaken.
Tell not your two brothers of this, for they seek to betray you.

No gracious elder I can promise you they would not.

So the youngest prince told his two elder brothers, of this fantastic and worthwhile tale. So they planned to journey to the land in which the Adarna may be found. Yet along the way the two eldest princes, made a secret plan without a sound.

For the king loved the youngest prince, and the two elder princes fretted about their claim, so in their hearts they held a scheme.

Thus bound the youngest prince, tying him to a tree. When their father awoke they would deceive him that the youngest prince had fled the kingdom. When it came time for the king to pass, they would split the land between them.

Yet along the way, an ugly woman begged them for fish, and so they spat in her dish.

So the ugly woman walked, until she happened on the younger prince. Untying him she petitioned him for fish.

Dear sister I am sorry, for I haven't any food, yet on my back I wear silk one may trade for jewels and gold.

So the youngest prince shed his fine raiment and gave it to the ugly woman.

So the ugly woman stopped him, revealing herself to be the old man and said,
Oh prince you must hear my words before you go forth. For take with you a sour fruit from this vine, and ready your knife in your hand. When the Adarna sings its song to you cut your palm and squeeze the juices forth. Do not let its droppings touch you, for upon touching it you may turn to stone. Do what I have told you then grasp the bird by its feet and you will be able to return home.

So the prince ventured forth, in his heart a plan of worth.
So he came to the mountain of the Adarna.

Seeing his two eldest brothers, frozen in stone before him the youngest prince cried.
At which the Adarna song echoed forth.

Now the prince began to be drowsy, sleepy, and lumbering in the legs.
Yet he cut his palm and squeezed the fruit, waking him from his sleep.

So he did not allow the bird to make dropping on him, yet grabbed it by its legs.

So the Adarna was won by the youngest prince.

Yet he could not leave.

For upon the sight of his two brothers, he uttered a mighty shout. At this the Adarna flew up and over about.

It cried upon the elder princes, the tears bringing color back to their eyes.
Upon this the youngest prince rejoiced.

Yet the elder princes knew not this kindness, and suspected their brother of tricks. So they grabbed the Adarna and pushed him into a ditch.

Then ran away, as light escaped the day, and the moon came forth.
Now the youngest prince trapped in a ditch cry out.

The bottom of the ditch grew cold, the dirt caked with mold, as a little frog jumped forth. Stuck along with the prince.

The prince took great pity on the frog and so took him in his hands saying,
Go my friend, jump up where I cannot reach and be free.

So the frog jumped up and changed, into the form of a radiant beauty with skin pale like the moon.

Mayari spoke,
Oh dear prince, your heart is certainly tender. Now what does your heart desire for you have obtained My favor.

The prince spoke,
Oh Goddess, I seek only to return so I may see my father upon his awakening, for I know my brothers have brought the Ibong Adarna to him and now he must be well.

Mayari spoke,
Oh prince, all of what is within creation bends to My will, I can give you jewels, silk, gold, a wife fair and radiant above all, why seek to return to that land where your brothers betray you?

The prince spoke,
Oh Goddess, I could not enjoy such riches nor fine wife if not in the embrace of my dear father and my most beloved land.
So Mayari pulled him up by his hand.

Now at the palace, the king had stirred not. For the brothers had brought the bird, but it sang not.

Instead the Adarna weep, refusing to forget the youngest prince as the king lay sleep.

So the youngest prince entered the chamber, having travelled long with no shirt, sun darkened and bitten by bugs.

Yet upon the sight of the youngest prince the Adarna sang with love, and opened the eyes of the king.

Now even then the two elder princes schemed, they began lie upon lie, tricks intended to deceive.
Yet Mayari, daughter of Bathala came forth. Shining Her light upon the deception and calling visions forth.

The elder princes, throwing stones at the old man, spitting at the ugly woman, and betraying their brother.

All was known forth and the king was enraged, for he sought their heads.
Yet the youngest prince too kind hearted to see them dead.

So he ask Mayari,
Oh Goddess please, let it not be that I should gain my father back yet lose my two brothers in his anger, please find some solution.

So the Diwata spoke,
Oh king of the land, I carry fate within My hand and so stop you. In a land far away there are three princesses, more righteous and chaste than all around.

For the two eldest of your sons may you send there, and the youngest to guide them. When they have settled their three wives there will find them. To the youngest prince, the fairest and most beautiful among them, to
return as a queen to this land.

So the king agreed, and saddled up fine steeds sending his sons to that place.

Upon the youngest prince's return the kingdom saw his new wife's shining face.

So lived the kingdom, after the king passed the new king did rule. With the Adarna, his queen, and Mayari's blessing he lived long and prosperous.

So Bathala smiled.

The Banana Stone

There was once a boy who was told of a banana tree.

He was told that in the early hours of themorning, as the frogs begin to let out their kokak the tree drops a stone.
What was told to him was that if he caught the stone in his mouth that he would attain great fortune. So he wandered into the jungle at night.
In the clearing of a grove he saw the tree, and he heard the kokak of the frogs beginning to emerge. So he quickly ran upon the tree.

He had been told, "once the stone hits the ground or the skin outside of your mouth it ceases to be", and so he caught the stone in his mouth.

Thus the aswang, wicked spirits who dwelt in the swamp gas, sought to take the stone from him.

For each night the hateful ghosts tried and failed to catch it.

The boy was choked by the aswang, and the aswang relented not. The boy called upon his strength and stood until the cock began to crow, and so the aswang scattered.

In his mouth the prize, the boy spat it forth.

From then on upon spinning three times at night the banana stone, great fortune and success the boy found until he was a man.

He married a beautiful wife, and she bore him many children. His countenance was fair and his business was good, no hard labour nor servitude did he find himself.

Yet each night he spin the stone thrice, and each night the aswang did come, for him and the stone.

Using the stone to stay a step ahead the man became fixated on his actions. Over yet over and over so he obsessed about his nightly ritual.

Yet the aswang did not cease, for aswang are spirits of the spiteful dead, and their souls long for release. No distance nor time could escape them, no offer would promote peace.

So one night, the man gave up the stone. Soon misfortune became him, and soon after woes.

For his beautiful wife grew ill, her heart a sudden chill, and left this life.

His eldest son grew sick as well, but the babaylan restored him.

He mourned his wife not for he knew she would return to him in this life or another, and that he had made a rightly choice.

For the aswang no longer haunted him, and his fate now tied to his hands, the eagle saw the little boy and Bathala smiled upon the land.

Seasons

In the wet season the rains come down, to sprout the seeds in Lalahon's ash,
In dry season hot days ripen Lakapati's fruits in the trees,
On dark days Mayari shines Her light,
On bright days Apolaki shoots sunbeams from His bow,
In the cloud of the eruption Sidapa looms, yet Bathala stills not His gaze,
So feel what has been said and of this you will know,
On the nature of the different days.

The Black Rice

Once a young boy was chastised by his elders for playing near the whirlpools.

Said the elders,
Do not play there, for in its torrent you may drown.

Said the boy,
I am a strong swimmer.

Said the elders,
Yet when the whirlpool catches you, it is not the tide one must escape, for there are monsters that seek to destroy you below.

This the boy took carelessly as superstition.

Yet as the boy was at once pulled under by the water, he felt its coldness petrify him.

Then at the bottom, the siyokoy gathered smiling.

Said the siyokoy,
Oh little boy you may now well drown, if not from our food you eat. For eat of our rice, not white like your own but black, and gills you may grow with fins to swim and you will not drown from their lack.

The little boy was wise, and trusted not before his eyes, swimming upward, as the siyokoy sought to drown him.

He broke the surface of the water and swam frantically to shore, glad of what his elders had told him.

The Girl and the Moon

There was once a little girl who lived in the loving care of her mother and father.

Each day the father would row his boat out into the sea to catch fish, and the mother would harness the karabao to till the rice paddy.

Sometimes her father would stay out in his boat for days at a time as required by the scarcity of the catch. The little girl would often cry in longing for her father.

Said her father,
Oh my anak, do you see the moon?
When I am away you need only look upon it, and if you look at it, you will see the same moon that I do. That way, I will always return to you my love.

So it happened after her father had rowed out one day that there came a great storm, terrifying and unmanageable. The storm ruined the rice, and caused the karabao to scatter about in fear.

So many days passed with no sign of her father, and her mother began to mourn.

All of the village came to the home to comfort the girl and her mother, for the father had surely perished at sea.

Yet the girl did not accept this, for she loved her father dearly and could not accept he had been lost.

So one night, under the moonlight, the little girl escaped her home to the shore.

Looking upon the moon she cried out for her father and received not an answer.

So she began to swim out into the sea, towards the moon to find her father.

Yet the sea is apathetic to the longing of a small child, and terrifying in its depth.

As the little girl swam out she found herself looking upon a mighty wave, closing her eyes in fear as it crashed down upon her.

So she sunk into the deep black of the sea.

Yet beneath the surface of the water swam Bakunawa, Queen of storms and waves. Bakunawa took pity upon the little girl and cradled her within Her massive serpentine form.

Bakunawa gently rose the little girl up to the surface of the sea, lifting her into the moonlight.

Said Bakunawa,
Oh Mayari I petition thee, cast aside not this little girl, but see that she is returned home.

So Mayari shined Her light upon the girl, and Bakunawa released her.
In the light of the moon the girl floated back to shore, unharmed by rocks nor by crocodiles.

In the break of day her mother found her, kissing her with eyes full of tears.
So Apolaki, having seen the struggle of the little girl and her blessing by His Sisters, shot His sunbeam into her nose.

So the child awoke as though from a gentle sleep.

So the village praised the diwata, and collectively doted upon the girl until she grew into a wise woman.

The woman, in times of hardship could look up to the moon and see her father's smiling face reflected back to her.

Upon all this Bathala smiled.

The Descent of The Kings

The Datu

Thus before the fire sat Lapu Lapu, datu of his people and king of all the land.

So his grandson Kamote asked his father's father to retell the story of their people and land,

Said Lapu Lapu,

After Kaptan had made the Sky and Moon and Son, and man had emerged forth, man scattered upon the large lands and the little islands.

So some of man did sail upon the seas, charting the stars and braving the mighty deep.

Some of man came upon the paradise land in which the diwa dwelt.

This land was composed of three lands and one thousand islands, within each a different dewa to hold Their dominion.

Man Becomes Heedless in Paradise

Said Kamote,

Yet upon that land we live now, and such I see no diwa nor strange beasts not in my entire life thus far.

How is this so?

Said Lapu Lapu,

So man came to live within the land of diwa.

The protector of man, Haliya, showed man which fruits were good for eating, so man honored Her.

Yet as man had such guidance they became lazy, and in laziness would not eat fruit, not liking to climb up in the trees for it.

So thus man created aswang by eating the wild beasts.

Saw this the diwa, Their peaceful realm disturbed, thus they allowed animals to fly and created the birds.

So man ate the birds too.

So the diwa taught man to eat fish, so that the animals of the land may endure in cycles with the fruit.

So Lakapati taught man to weave nets to catch fish.

Upon man Bulan smiled, having tasted the sweetness of milk, so down from the heavens He sent the karabao wrapped in pineapple silk.

For its meal He sent forth pieces of the moon as rice.

Thus Bulan gifted man rice and milk.

Said Bulan,

Take example of this holy creature and be not heedless, but work for what you eat.

So man began to live alongside the karabao and drink its milk.

Yet some man ate the karabao, killing it before it grew old, from this sprang the crocodile, who ate man so he may not forget his place.

So man began to live in paradise, tilling the land, honoring the anito, and accepting the gifts of the diwa.

This continued in such a way that exceeded the length of this kingdom's existence by infinite degrees.

Until such time had ended, and began the era of kings.

The Golden Monkey

So man began to tend to the karabao.

Where the karabao would graze, man would dwell, and where they swam in the mud to cool down, man would plant the rice.

So little rice paddies and wooden houses scattered across the lands and islands.

Upon this Apolaki was pleased and so gave man gold as a symbol of His love and warmth.

Yet man began to covet the gold, seeking to have more than one another.

So man began to harness the karabao and till more rice than could be eaten, going to those among him who had not of grain and traded it for their gold.

So man began to hoard gold such.

Then man began to kill man for gold, and Apolaki was angered.

So He sent forth a golden monkey, who ate of all the excess fruit of the land, turning paradise into wilderness.

Said Apolaki,

For you have harvested rice in excess, so upon the excess eat, and no longer will all you find be sweet.

So Apolaki created kalamansi, and hid it upon all of the vines, and cursed man to eat the sour.

Yet Mayari had compassion on man so gave him sugar.

So man began to eat rice, sour fruit, fish, milk, and sugar in various degrees.

The Creation of Wine

So man began to miss eating birds, and Tabu sent the egg.

Said Tabu,

For the water inside of the egg shall fall out of the bird, contained by skin like a fruit. Cook the water and you may enjoy the bird until it has no use.

So man began to cook food, cooking fish with sour fruit and with fire.

So they began to cook the sea water for their rice.

So man began to become heedless again, leaving cooked rice out mixed with juice and sugar.

Some among them ate of it, some becoming gravely ill, yet others who offered the first of its juices to the diwa were not.

So man created tuba or wine.

So man despaired at the golden monkey eating all of the sweet fruit.

The Killing of the Golden Monkey

Said Kamote,

Yet father of my father, I have just since recently eaten sweet fruits? So where did the monkey go?

Said Lapu Lapu,

So man began to live upon rice, wine, milk, fish, sour fruits, and eggs from birds.

In such time they began to give wine to karabao, which pleased the anito within them so Bulan sent down song.

Thus with song and wine man created dance.

So wandered the monkey, hearing the sounds of party, and came down from a tree.

It smelled the sweetness of the wine and drank forth more wine than has existed in our kingdom, exceeding it by infinite degrees.

So the golden monkey which was usually faster than the sunbeams, became dull and slow.

So noticing this, man beat the monkey with sticks until it had died, offering it to Apolaki,

Said Apolaki,

Now remember what has happened and name the one who ages the wine and writes the songs datu, so he may lead you.

So thus came the Datu.

The Babaylan

So man began to drink wine and dance, dividing themselves by the strong and by the beautiful.

Yet the strong began to oppress the beautiful, thinking they were all deserving of spoils.

So Apolaki made the strong very ugly.

Said Apolaki,

So you will find what you have appreciated little in each reflection in the water.

So man became ugly for a time exceeding the length of this kingdom by infinite degrees.

Said Kamote,

Yet you O father of my father, are both mighty and handsome? How then is this?

Said Lapu Lapu,

So man began to cry to the anito, who felt compassion and so petitioned the diwa.

So Mayari sent forth again beauty to man.

So upon each man who had member or womb beauty was returned.

Some men began to possess both womb and member, or in varying degrees, or in appearance of the face.

So man began to lust upon those parts of itself.

Man began to oppress the beautiful once more.

So Apolaki made man ugly once more.

So man was ugly again for time exceeding the previous time by infinite degrees.

So man cried to the anitos, who petitioned the diwa.

So Mayari did not return beauty yet.

Said Mayari,

First find what is beautiful in your ugliness until the heart has been cleaned, then when you have done so praise one another.

So man learned to find beauty in what was ugly.

Then Mayari returned beauty.

Said Mayari,

Now elect the most beautiful of you, the ones possessing both forms, the ones of mixed faces, as the speakers to anito and rememberers of the word of diwa, and call them babaylan.

So man began to have both datu and babaylan.

The Rajah

So man began to live in villages with the karabao, the datu, and the babaylan.

They lived in harmony for a period exceeding the prior period by infinite degrees.

So some of man desired to learn that which had happened to man outside the paradise of diwa, beyond the three lands and thousand islands.

So these men set out into the larger part of Daga, upon the larger lands and many far islands.

In such lands man learned about many things, how to play the one string lute, the kettle drum, the flute.

In these lands mans pineapple silk could buy many things.

So man began to bring man back to paradise.

Yet man from outside paradise knew not the customs of the diwa, so began to eat the birds and kill the karabao like man had done when first coming to paradise.

None listened to datu and began to abuse the babaylan.

So Lalahon burst forth from the ground, and She was adorned in banana leaves with sampaguita around Her neck. She was tall as mountains, Her womb hotter than the sun.

Said Lalahon,

For did I not create such lands for you to live in? That you should again defile My resting place? Fix this immediately or from Pinatubo I will burn all of the lands down.

So man began to entrust one man to represent the ways of the islanders to outsiders, and to rally together the datu to defend the land.

Thus they named this man rajah or king.

So this is whereupon man had kings, and the birth of kingdom.

Lineage of the King of Lusong

So from man the first rajah was Itim, named so for his dark skin.

The largest land that he dwelt upon named Lusong, and thus named was its kingdom.

From Itim came Puti, white like his mother, from Puti came Usa who was quick as the deer,

From Usa came Tambo then from Tambo Tingting.

Tingting was foolish, losing the kingdom to the aswang.

In such time there was no rajah.

Then Kiyapo became rajah,

From Kiyapo came Itlog and Isda, and Isda became rajah of a kingdom in the south, his sister Itlog rajah in Maynila.

So from Itlog came the people of Tondo, Namayan, Maynila, and the people of the countryside.

And Isda the people of the southern islands and great southern land.

So thus the kingdom entrusted to I, Lapu Lapu is of this lineage.

The Sermon of Battara

The Namayan

There was a river called Pasig in Lusong.

On the banks of the pasig where it seeks to rejoin the sea, lived the Namayan.

Those people who fed crocodiles and lived with them.

So it came to be in the time of the great datu Maharlika, who had brought sandal wood to the land, that a party of Namayan gathered to witness Maharlika in the company of Battara, that wise bhramana that hailed from the land of Khmer.

So Battara did sit among the Namayan receiving many blessings to his forehead.

So Battara did eat the food of the people, and feed some to crocodiles as the people did.

So Battara made blessings unto Bakunawa as the people did.

So at this time they sat with him under a balete tree next to the Pasig.

Said Battara,

For indeed, I bring you wonderful people gifts of knowledge from other lands, as thanks for your righteous actions towards me.

So Battara began to tell the people of the various things, the prophets, and known events.

Buda

Said Battara,

In feeding the crocodile you have found wisdome, and this wisdom is of the same kind as that sublime man we call Buda.

For Buda was a man like you or I.

Buda had been born a prince, yet so felt compassionate towards the world.

He left behind his palace to consider the source of evil in a secret place high in the mountains of the west.

So Buda stayed there until his beard had grown long. So he did not eat except what birds had already touched.

So Buda began to miss his traditions and desired to pray.

So Buda sat and detached from the thing, yet at that moment learned all things.

So before Buda stood Bathala, or as is called in our land Shiva, and spoke with Him.

Said Buda,

What is the cause of suffering?

Said Bathala,

The Cause Of Suffering Is Certainly Attachment.

Said Buda,

Attachment? How so attachment?

For my good people, it is like the offering of meat to the crocodile.

If one were too attached to the meat as one's own meal, then neglect upon the crocodiles, sent to be mans devourer.

So attachment to outcome over action.

Prophet Salam

Said Battara,

So I have observed those among you who do not eat swine, who call Bathala as Ta'ala.

I have a tale of your prophet.

For Prophet Salam, was known in the far western lands, a land where rivers run through mountains, fields, and sands.

He had been thrown out of his tribe for listening to Ta'ala and ceasing the killing of swine, who were preserved by Ta'ala and forbidden to eat.

So Salam ventured forth into the southern lands, spreading word among those people who supply us with ivory.

So they became known as muslims of Ta'ala for they heeded His commands above all others.

Muslims thus are you, and He certainly was called Bathala once too.

Covering the Head

Battara had a practice of covering his head, noticed by the people of Tondo.

The heat of the sea breeze under the blazing sun emanated yet Battara removed not his headwrap.

Said the people of Tondo,

Why not cast that off?

Said Battara,

For the head is ones closest residence to Bathala,

For all is Bathala yet none is Bathala,

Shiva is thus simple and nameless,

Yet through Kali, Bathala acts and Kali is our Mother.

So to cover the head is to remember Him.

Knives

So Battara dwelt among the southern kingdom closer to the mighty Rajah, and among them he sat before an audience of girls.

Said Battara,

Man was gifted swords by Haliya surely, so travel not without a blade.

Yet the size of the blade is the intent of the blade.

Seek not the blade be larger than thy palm.

For the blade is like a fang from Bakunawa, transforming the fruit and meat for use.

For defense as well, though seek to carry a blade smaller than a sword.

For how much better it is to not kill another and if one must in self defense,

To have it be possible for the one attacking to survive.

For this is similar to that Buda has said.

The Sayings of Lin Feng

The Great War

So there came a time when diwa had hardly been seen, in such times arrived strangers from the east, clad in iron garments.

Such visitors sought the gold of Apolaki and so instigated war between the southern kingdom and the northern kingdoms.

Many an islander did fight among their kin out of deception from the villains dressed in iron.

In such time Maynila was conquered by a pirate king hailing northwards from across the great sea, Lin Feng.

So as the eastern villains began to conquer the thousand islands, Lin Feng held a force six hundred men strong in Maynila, homeland of Kiyapo.

So Lin Feng was rajah.

Eastern Villains

For the villains had come prior, during the time of Lapu Lapu, yet the wisdom of the rajah was exceeding in wisdom the wisdom of even Battara by infinite degrees, and so with his men they slew the villains and restored order.

So upon villains return the people knew them not as enemies but as brothers.

Yet the villains sought only that which gave them power over the entirety of Daga, which had begun to be known as mundo.

Many into chains the villains had put, and though speaking of Bathala they understood Him not, and did no good.

Villains Burn Down Bakunawa

Said the wisdom havers of the villains,

Bakunawa is a demon, and the crocodile to be hunted, for man is the strongest of beast.

So they began to kill the crocodiles, and burn down the shrine of Bakunawa, and not from any place did She issue forth.

So the many refugees cried to Lin Feng.

Transformation Through Return to Bathala

Said Lin Feng,

Yes you say that Bakunawa is certainly dead, this is true.

Yet grieve not in death.

For we have a saying in my land of Guan Yin,

That she answers every petition of every lost person,

So cry not for Bakunawa, for She has gone from dragon into mercy.

She would not have you burdened by Her form in this time.

So back to Bathala go, feel His flow and breathe it in and out.

So you may remember to teach your children something which may weather the storm.

Birth Of Sidapa Ipalaki

The Fate of The Elder Princes

So the two elder princes from the kingdom of Kiyapo's homeland, in the time of the Adarna, settled in kingdoms with their wives.

So one in the land that stretch out towards the Khmer, and then the other in the southernmost land beneath the thousand islands.

So in this southernmost kingdom they found many players of flutes, kettle drums, and one string lutes.

So they settled.

Ligaya

So their children became kin with these people, and from them a daughter named Ligaya.

Ligaya exceeded Mayari in beauty in an amount infinite in degrees.

Ligaya was loved by the farmer Barako, though they were of different castes he thought of her.

Then Ligaya was visited by the Tigmamanukan.

The Tigmamanukan

From the fearsome bird spoke to her as Bathala,

Said Bathala,

Though Shalt Be The Mother Of Thy People.

So Ligaya became with child, though she had known not another.

So out of her palace was Ligaya cast, to become an alipin or a slave bondswoman to maintain her own sustenance.

So Barako saw this, offering all he possessed in gold for Ligaya to be made free.

So the bondskeeper of Ligaya did release her for gold being of good character.

So Barako sought to provide for Ligaya, though she was despondent, and sought nothing nor ate for many days.

Yet Barako cared for her in this time.

Yet after giving birth she did die.

So left with Barako was the Baby, who named Himself Sidapa Ipalaki.

Life of Sidapa Ipalaki

The Goat

For as a baby Sidapa Ipalaki did not cry, and taught His father Barako of the deep sciences.

So thus Barako made a living for them in a great many things.

So one day infant Sidapa Ipalaki walked in the market, accepting blessings and giving wisdom, when He should see a man cooking stew from a goat.

Thus wept Sidapa Ipalaki.

Said the palaki,

For in another life, that goat had been My daughter mayari.

In the next yet another champion of your people.

Gumulong and The Seven Lunar Rings

For once the Ibong Adarna came to dwell in the land in the eastern part of Lusong, where the seas crush and roll about.

The land where nagas dwelt, deep within the dominion of Bakunawa.

The Adarna bird loved to play songs for nagas, who became entranced.

So the Adarna sang a song into the crib of a little boy near the nagas, bestowing the blessing of Likabutan upon him and then devouring the nagas and flying away.

So the child became known as Gumulong because his voice rolled like the waves.

Apolaki Angers Bakunawa

So Apolaki created seven moons of equal brilliance to confuse Bakunawa one night.

For Bakunawa wished to see Bulan.

So angered Bakunawa fly in the shape of a great serpent with jaws like a crocodile.

Bakunawa swallowed up all eight moons, the seven Apolaki had made and the one under Mayari's dominion upon lived Bulan and was the source of the world's tides.

Apolaki thus angered Mayari, who pushed the sun out of the sky, turning it into a black dot.

Now Bakunawa began to feel unwell, the moons giving Her great illness.

So thrown the world into chaos.

So Likabutan gave Gumulong wings to fly.

Gumulong Flys

So Gumulong flew to Bakunawa and inside of Her, finding in Her belly a realm exceeding creation in size by infinite degrees.

So Gumulong fell down into the belly of Bakunawa for many years.

Gumulong grew old in such time and pondered existence, realising his pain ceased when his desire ceased.

So Gumulong did not stray though he fell for a period of time exceeding those years mentioned in infinite degrees.

So Gumulong learned the ability to create within himself and so created seven rings, of which the moons were made to respond, and they located the true moon Buwan on which resided Bulan.

So with the rings Gumulong escaped out Bakunawa with the seven moons and Buwan from Her mouth, easing Her pain.

Thus returned Buwan to the sky and Bulan saw Bakunawa, and then Mayari put the sun back in the sky.

Gumulong Becomes Rajah

So Gumulong turned the seven moons into thirty three smaller stars with his rings, and then those thirty three stars, he divided into one thousand one hundred and eleven clouds, from which he split into gold exceeding the amount of gold in creation by infinite degrees.

Then he formed the gold into a great palace of gold, built like a mighty tree over the banks of the sea of the thousand islands.

So Gumulong became Rajah of the entirety of the three lands and thousand Islands.

The Fire Storm

So when Sidapa Ipalaki was a young man He became watcher of the cattle just as His ancestor's youngest brother.

So Sidapa Ipalaki loved the cattle and spoke to them often, being able to speak the language of anito.

So the villagers made offerings of sweet grass to the cattle out of love for Him.

Said the palaki,

Sweetness though delightsome, should become tiresome for My cattle, so seek some of that which is bland for them.

Then fire began to rain down from Kaptan, blue in color and made of ice.

So the villagers became frightened of the fire considering their own lives.

Said the palaki,

Worry not My children.

Be eased, and leave it to Bathala and I swear to you the fire will not burn you or Me.

So the villagers were eased.

Said the villagers,

To Bathala it is left.

So though the fire passed over them it passed through them without burning.

The Tiyanak

So Sidapa Ipalaki journeyed with His father Barako to the land of His mother's forefathers in the land of Maynila.

Upon the journey Ibong Adarna did shed a coat of feathers for Him to wear.

Sidapa Ipalaki was grey skinned, with black eyes, and red hair. His beard was red as well and thick in texture.

His teeth were gold, His nails pearls.

His pants orange and made of pineapple silk.

Upon Him the Adarna cloth of rainbow hue.

So He and Barako ventured forth into the countryside of the Maynila, whereupon some gathered by the fire light.

Then a cry heard, in the field of a baby.

So the people ignored it knowing it to be a tiyanak, foul beast that preyed upon good natured fools.

So Sidapa Ipalaki turned into the dark field, His father worried try to prevent Him.

Said the palaki,

I will see to the end of this.

So walked Sidapa Ipalaki into the field of the tiyanak, and faced it.

The tiyanak changed not in the sight of He sent by Bathala.

So Sidapa Ipalaki returned with a baby in His hands, to be named Tapang.

The Infinite Day

So Sidapa Ipalaki, His father and the child Tapang lived in the kingdom of Tondo.

Among the people He dwelt and thus cured their woes.

Said the palaki,

Yet this work is inferior to the better work Bathala has sent Me to give to you.

For I hear you all say, that you desire this and that for this and that reason.

So be free to do so and see how happiness finds you.

So the day was made exceeding in length the days of all previous days in infinite degrees and in unchanging magnitudes.

So people did not age or die, and were not lost for time.

Yet no happiness was found in all this time.

So they returned to Sidapa Ipalaki asking time to be restored.

Said the palaki,

Yes for now you see, that it was want of Ligaya that fuels your suffering, the dwelling upon her, and so it is the acceptance of woes that brings true happiness.

So all were made exceeding in happiness the shared happiness of creation by infinite degrees.

The Death of Sidapa Ipalaki

The Armies of The North

So Sitan hated Bathala.

For he did not understand Him.

Sitan, first of the aswang, who forgot the nature of his soul and thus became a deceiver.

Sitan convinced islanders to smoke opium saying it would prevent misfortune, and then stole their hearts through their dreams.

Sitan deceived a datu of a northern land, who was called Hanapan for he never stopped looking for fulfilment.

Said Sitan,

That grey skinned body from the south is no diwa, the diwa are nothing but tricks.

For I can with my powers of death rival Sidapa, exceed Him indeed.

So gather all your men on steeds, and meet the palaki for battle. Kill Him and eat Him and you may become Rajah of the entire of Daga.

Said Hanapan,

Certainly you deceive me oh aswang, why should I do such a thing?

For certain Sidapa Ipalaki will not lift His hand in violence, so where is my bounty in that?

Said Sitan,

Tapang His child would certainly answer a threat to his father's honor.

So Hanapan issued forth challenges to Sidapa Ipalaki upon wooden tablets to be sent around the land, decrying Him as a witch and trickster.

So Tapang did raise a force sixty thousand men strong of the people of Tondo, Namayan, and Maynila, and met Hanapan in the battlefield of the terraced mountains.

Sidapa Ipalaki Surrenders

Yet before Tapang could send forth scourges of arrows into the midst of Hanapan and his armies, Sidapa Ipalaki came forth.

Said the palaki,

Do not do this oh My son. It is better I should die than the enemy be slaughtered for My honor.

So Sidapa Ipalaki allowed Hanapan to kill and eat of Him on the rice terraces.

Yet in that moment Bathala came forth.

Said Bathala,

You Have Believed Foolishly And Forgotten Me, So I Forget You.

So Hanapan and his armies ceased to be, and had never been in memory.

So Sidapa Ipalaki released the burden of death from man.

So Sidapa Ipalaki became Likabutan and Sidapa and then Lakapati.

Said Lakapati,

So will I send a new reminder in each era, and in the souls of all living things at any time. So that one is no longer controlled by death and so one remembers to leave all things to Bathala.

So in Bathala they left all things and all things became Bathala.

Bathala was thus the beginning and the end and then was upon something that was Himself.

Said Bathala,

This Is Good, Now I Will Watch.

Then Bathala became the nothingness that was all things before there was a beginning.

The Maykapal

The Eternal Secrets

Sidapa Shares Truths and Lies

In the time which Bathala had created Sidapa, and Sidapa had created Lisuga and Asuang, Sidapa learned the eternal secrets of being from Bathala.

So Sidapa hid the secrets behind Death so that they could not be found.

Within Lisuga He hid the truth of the secrets, and with Asuang He created lies about the secrets.

So the eternal secrets were kept from creation by Sidapa.

So Sidapa possessed the secrets and yet possessed them not for they belonged to Bathala.

Said Sidapa,

To Bathala I leave it.

So creation thus continued.

So the beings of creation were created with no knowledge of the secrets, only possessing it in small truths or lies.

So from these small truths and lies the diwa obtained distinction from one another and became imbued with personification.

So the diwa saw themselves as different than Bathala and yet knew they were no different.

So Sidapa held onto the eternal secrets, safeguarding them.

So Bulan sought the eternal secrets, and so charmed Sidapa.

Singing and swaying before Sidapa, Bulan sought to know that which the diwa were ignorant of.

So Sidapa observed Bulan sing and sway before Him, becoming enchanted by Him.

For Bulan was most beautiful amongst the diwa, possessing one thousand fine limbs, a pure white face, and a full chest. His sway was like that of bamboo in the wind, and His song sweeter than honey.

Bulan swayed and sang to Sidapa for a time exceeding creation by infinite degrees.

Said Sidapa,

You have pleased me Bulan, now what do you seek.

Said Bulan,

I wish to know those secrets which you keep from Us.

Sidapa was yet unmoving.

Said Sidapa,

What has been trusted to Me is trusted to Me by Bathala, and I do not possess what He has loaned to me to give it to You in whole.

Said Bulan,

So what then, if I should ask only for it in part?

Said Sidapa,
Nay, for even that in part which has been trusted to Me is belonging to Him.

Said Bulan,

So what then, If I were to ask for a single truth, among several lies, and to be left with a single truth and several lies to determine by My own self the validity?

Said Sidapa,

This would be acceptable.

So Asuang gave Bulan lies, and Lisuga gave Bulan truth.

So Bulan sit under the lunar tree for six thousand years contemplating on the single truth among the many lies.

So Bakunawa missed Bulan, not seeing Him in this time, and went to Sidapa.

Said Bakunawa,

Tell me a truth, by which I may coax My lover out of His meditation, So I may see Him.

Said Sidapa,

Certainly not, for it has been trusted to Me, and You have not even blessed Me with offerings.

So Bakunawa offered Sidapa all of the pearls of the sea, and the shimmering of the waves as diamonds.

Yet Sidapa was not pleased with these things, being above them.

So Bakunawa offered up Her divinity to Sidapa.

Said Bakunawa,

For even if I should die, I will only return to You, and from You I will see my beloved still.

So Sidapa rejected that offering for He was above it.

So Bakunawa created ganja, offering it to Sidapa.

Said Bakunawa,

For this thing I have created from the emerald green of the sea is made in Your likeness, and if burned will call upon You.

So Sidapa burned the ganja and found it above Him.

So Sidapa gave Bakunawa a truth from the eternal secrets.

So Bakunawa went to Bulan, giving Him the secret which Sidapa had given Her.

So Bulan ended His meditation under the lunar tree.

So with the truth given by Bakunawa, Bulan determined His truth from the many lies.

So two truths were held by Bulan.

The Tigmamanukan

Yet two truths of the eternal secrets were too great for Bulan to hold by Himself.

So Bulan created the Tigmamanukan out of a rooster and one of His pure white hairs.

So Bulan whispered the truth of the secrets into the beak of the Tigmamanukan, bestowing upon it the breath of Bathala.

So Bathala was shown to be Maykapal, or that is to say All Powerful over the diwa.

Bulan sent down the Tigmamanukan unto the world, to share the truths with creation.

Bakunawa as well sent down ganja, so living things may know death before dying and be able to hear the truth.

Kiyapo Is Tempted

So Kiyapo was a child amongst the people of Maynila in that time when no rajah ruled.

Kiyapo, that child of green eyes, who was set apart from all others by his speed and strength.

So it came to be that the people of Maynila had descended into heedlessness, forgetting many of the covenants their ancestors had entered with the diwa.

So Kiyapo found that his countrymen ate the karabao, and looked to gain advantage at one another's expense.

So Kiyapo saw that they prayed to Bakunawa but did not see Her, treating the sea as something to understand rather than to respect.

So Kiyapo saw that men willingly entertained aswang, and downplayed the poison the aswang put into their beings.

So Kiyapo saw that the beautiful among men took advantage and were taken advantage upon by the most disliked of men.

All of them saying, Kiyapo why do you not join us? You would do well here.

Yet Kiyapo saw the anito in all things and could not.

So Kiyapo saw as his bosom friends fell into temptation by the aswang, and each night the Wak Wak poison the wine of the people with rape and hatred.

So Kiyapo did venture out into the country side, desiring to leave this place.

Yet upon all places he did find aswang.

Kiyapo Speaks to Bathala

So Kiyapo was distraught.

So Kiyapo, made direct plea upon Maykapal.

Said Kiyapo,

I leave it all to Bathala, so please take away my woes.

So came upon him the Tigmamanukan.

Said Bathala,

Why Do You Weep?

Kiyapo was frightened, crying, and could not speak to the bird.

Said Bathala,

Why Do You Weep?

Yet Kiyapo could not speak.

Thus came forth Bulan, hiding away the bird and displaying His beauty to Kiyapo.

So Kiyapo did not cry and was not saddened but became satisfied and happy.

Kiyapo and Bulan

Said Bulan,

Oh child, why do you weep?

Said Kiyapo,

Oh diwata I weep because I am confused.

For what actions are there to be taken in such? I have thus been told that what I know to be truth is delusion, and that what I see to be delusion to be the common ground.

For my people have forgotten the nature of all things, and have seized on attachment to fleeting things, becoming angry when such things run through.

My people have forgotten love and devotion and instead make do in their own pleasures, forgetting duty.

Yet I am told to continuously forget, to stop my thoughts at the threshold where they are contained by Asuang.

For all of this world must be Asuang, for it ceases in being constantly and does not shine forth light on its own.

Said Bulan,

So what then are you weeping for?

You have done what is right, not straying and only hearing temptations, so why do you despair?

Said Kiyapo,

Yet upon hearing temptations O diwata, I am unsure of my seeing of things.

I possess no knowledge that was not given by those before me so I am not possessing in experience to reject them.

For is it not said that one must not say that which is not certainly known?

Said Bulan,

Yet what is not certainly known by you?

It is surely true what you have said about your people, so where is the uncertainty?

Said Kiyapo,

Yet when they say to me I am deceived, it begins to be delightful to accept their lies as truth.

So I have thus felt great shame.

Said Bulan,

It is of no issue.

Anak, it is want of attachment that burdens you. You will not find its cure in further attachment.

Said Kiyapo,

O diwata I do not understand.

What am I to say to my countrymen when they abuse me about that which I abstain from?

Bulan Reveals One of The Truths

Said Bulan,

What is there to say?

You have built your life upon sure footing, forgetting not Bathala and the anito within you.

What you are seeking is permission to feel the pleasure of aswang.

Yet permission I will not give you anak.

That is permission that comes from within.

Gaze upon My beauty, and My horror.

Do you see that within the pleasure of sin?

So be courageous, and weep not for that which one would not seek otherwise.

For the most dangerous lie is a lie which one wishes to believe.

The most convincing of lies indeed.

So Bulan left Kiyapo, and Kiyapo was thus left to return to Maynila.

Sidapa Visits Kiyapo

So Sidapa felt the truth He had given to Bulan be felt by Kiyapo.

So Sidapa began to watch Kiyapo.

So in Kiyapo's house one night Sidapa did appear as a being of grey skin, black eyes, and red hair.

Said Sidapa,

You will be rajah, you will guide the people away from aswang, and back to the anito.

You will be given the second truth, only after you come to understand the lies of Asuang.

Said Kiyapo,

Surely not I?

How may I be rajah when I am not of noble birth?

Sidapa Reveals The Second Truth

Said the palaki,

One is not born into nobility, but finds the nobility in one's own higher state of being.

This second of the truths you must hear lies to understand.

So Sidapa went away.

So Kiyapo was left to ponder upon this thing.

Sun Worshippers

So Kiyapo did go into the high mountains of the north.

In this time he dwelt with the people who worshipped Apolaki by staring into the sun.

Said Kiyapo,

Why would you do this? Burning away one's own ability to see?

Said the people,

When one no longer sees Asuang, only Lisuga shines.

So Kiyapo meditated on these things.

The Fruit

So Kiyapo went to eat a fruit, certain it was sweet, yet his lips puckered upon tasting the meat.

Thinking perhaps he had struck unlucky he ate another of the fruit and found sourness again.

So Kiyapo realized he had only wished it had been sweet.

So he stopped eating the fruit.

Yet he considered the truth in continuing to eat the fruit, so found the truth in the lies of Asuang.

For what one desires may become truth in one's mind as one desires the sweetness of sour fruit.

The Two Men

So Kiyapo saw a man in great difficulty speaking with his friend.

Yet as greatly difficult the man's own affairs he uttered not of his strife and took yet more burdens from the other man.

Said Kiyapo,

Why do you make life harder for yourself?

Said the man,

There is no burden except that which I give myself, so thus I am free of burden.

So saw Kiyapo another man, who created burdens out of what he lacked.

The man pushed his burdens upon others, seeking to increase their burdens to rival his own.

Said Kiyapo,

If he had not told you to look for sourness you would have only tasted sweetness it seems.

Aliping Ikapati

There was once a man who was born to the family who tended the shrine of Ikapati.

Thus he was given to Ikapati to practice a life of abstinence and named so, Aliping Ikapati.

Aliping Ikapati came upon the time in which his covenant required him to forsake his home and possessions to wander out into the countryside.

The Travellers

So came upon Aliping Ikapati some travellers, who lived in the style of the common people, chewing betel nut and drinking wine.

Said the travellers,

Oh countryman please enjoy our meat and wine, and lay with us so we may know and be known by you.

Said Aliping Ikapati,

Nay for I am the possession of Ikapati.

Said the people,

Does Ikapati not descend His member into Daga and thus create the fruit? So why deprive yourself?

Said Aliping Ikapati,

Were Ikapati not to spread His seed we would surely die of starvation. Yet though I know not another I continuously survive.

So some of the beautiful amongst the travellers saw his steadfastness as a challenge, seeking to coax him into laying with them.

Said the travellers,

Come and look upon us, our form and nakedness, see you not what spurs your desires? Or are you without gusto?

Said Aliping Ikapati,

Surely my member recognizes what is pleasing to it, yet what is pleasing is not what is needed. For one cannot understand the truth if cloaked in pleasing lies.

At this the beautiful amongst the travellers became angry, taking great offence at his words.

Thus one traveler held her face in her hands sobbing.

Said the traveler,

So you desire me not? For you think I am ugly?

For Lakapati Herself could not match my curves, and my womb hotter than lalahon, yet you rebuke me?

Said Aliping Ikapati,

For see, your happiness was not secure even in your beauty, for the beauty asked to be met with desire.

Kapwa

So Aliping Ikapati thus saw the Tigmamanukan and bowed before it.

Said the Tigmamanukan,

What blessing do you desire Alipin?

Said the Alipin,

It is not upon me to desire from you oh Lord.

Said the Tigmamanukan,

So yet you desire still, so speak of it.

Said the Alipin,

I wish to know diwa, I wish to lay with Her. For the beautiful of man stirs my passions but do not deserve my release, so I desire to know the real.

Said the Tigmamanukan,

This is not usual, so I cannot allow it, yet there is a third thing.

So the Tigmamanukan did speak forth the truth bestowed by Bulan, upon which it took the form of a beautiful and sublime being, of both womb and member, many armed and many breasted.

The truth took the form of Kapwa which is the interconnectedness of all things.

So Aliping Ikapati lay with Kapwa, becoming enveloped in Her form.

So Aliping Ikapati then went forth teaching the interconnectedness of all things.

The Three Truths

So both of the truths entrusted to Bulan by Sidapa were known as well as the third given by Sidapa to Kiyapo.

So having been embodied, two within Kiyapo and one within the Alipin, the three truths existed in plain form.

Truth is thus less pleasing than lies if one does not simply desire truth.

There is no truth except that truth one finds within oneself.

Truth is the interconnectedness of all things.

Bulan Meditates on The Secret

So Bulan meditated on these truths under the lunar tree for a time exceeding creation in infinite degrees.

So Bakunawa began to miss Bulan, so She went to Lisuga.

Said Bakunawa,

Help Bulan to grasp the meaning of the three truths so He may learn the secret of things and thus return to Me.

Said Lisuga,

Certainly not, for You have not even honored Me with blessings.

So Bakunawa collected all of the good dreams of the children and offered it to Lisuga.

Lisuga did not accept for She was above them.

So Bakunawa found every beautiful feature and smell and offered it to Lisuga.

Lisuga did not accept again for She was above them.

So Bakunawa created tea.

Said Bakunawa,

For this leaf when made into wine is pleasing and destroys illusion. It grows to light so I have made it in Your image.

So Lisuga accepted and told Bakunawa the best understanding of the three truths.

So Bakunawa brought the understanding to Bulan, who after receiving it from Her meditated on it for two hundred years.

So Bulan returned to Bakunawa having understood the secret of Maykapal.

Yet Bulan would not speak it, and Bakunawa became saddened fearing He had lost trust in Her.

Said Bulan,

For it is not that I do not desire to speak it My love, but that it has no form in which to speak.

For just as real as You may touch You or I, when You touch Me there is no You nor I, only Maykapal. That is the form of the secret.

So Bakunawa came to understand the form of the secret, bringing it to man.

So Bulan continued to hold the secret in its formless nature.

So Maykapal is indeed highest and above all.

The Ultimate Action

The Source of Desire

In the escape of life is the death of all things yet the flow is misdirected outward into the things of pleasure.

Such is the unforgivable of sins.

Yet sin is simply misguided.

Sin to see for those who cannot see or feel are cast forth.

The Most Noble Practice

Jihading Tantra to cast out the murky stone from your eyes and restore vision.

Spurning of Fame

So you should desire to be attended to with flocks and masses to your name? Yet who could meet the longing in your breast?

Cry out upon the loved and shed their raiment from yourself as the cattle returns the cud to the grass. Seek not the easy path of the lived in excellence and steadfast longing.

Jihading Tantra, allow the course of God flows into your vital being so He may come forth.

Jihading Tantra so you may act on wisdome He bestows you.

Against Despair

Perilous is the journey of the boat but Bakunawa is both storm and guide.

Be guided instead and allow others to find guidance through you.

And do not despair for Bathala smiles when we trust Maykapal.

Indeed.

Jihading Tantra and Bathala smiles still.